

*David Neumann*

### Missing Nature Poet

They kidnapped him  
took him away  
in the HK panel-van  
windows tinted dark brown  
radio hammering under dashboard  
drove him past refineries and abattoirs  
answering all threats with sneers

Where to?  
Beyond his knowledge

Years  
generations later  
messages  
washed up along the coast  
took the form of poetry  
enclosed in sea hammered bottles  
of dark glass.

*Krzysztof Ostaszewski*

### Opus 23, a Comedy

For a number of years two zebras have been occupying the same cage in a certain zoo. One of them was captured in Africa and brought to the zoo. There it joined the other, older one, which had been born in the cage and not on the African savannah.

Both zebras were always very sad. Because every day, every hour, they saw only the wire mesh surrounding them. They were in captivity and felt this very keenly.

The older zebra did a lot of thinking. One day it realized that the vertical bars of the cage were only for the younger zebra, while the horizontal ones were positioned exclusively for it, the older one. Why was this so? It's hard to say, for who can enter the mind of a zebra with its tangled thoughts?

The older zebra told its companion of the discovery it had made.

From that day on it was observed that both zebras seemed somehow happier, or – more precisely – sadder in a different way.

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(Translated by Wojtek Stelmaszynski)